



Perspectives From A Tulip

Isabelle's image evoked the metaphysical,
Sending my mind down pathways mythical,
But not to the myths of olden days,
But to the future beyond the haze.

What would I see if I were a bee?
What would that tulip be to me?
A beacon bringing me to port?
A clear symbol of life support?

And what if my mind were to take a ride
And go on over to the other side?
The parallel universe of physics lore,
A new reality, an open door.

Or what of string theory and the tulip?
The vibrations are making my mind flip,
Pulling my vision back and forth,
Expanding self, expanding worth,

The future will take us down new paths
To a place of calm, of mental baths
That free the brain to happily roam,
Out of my body, far from home.

But how do we begin to liberate
Our constrained self and its static state?
I wish for buttons that I could push
But the key may be the tulip bush.

Focus on the image, let yourself go,

Imagine the universe and its flow,
A river of energy right by your side,
Just waiting to take you for a ride.

Oh what fun to let my mind float,
Flowing on the river, not in the moat,
Pulled up and out, I want to shout,
Thanks Isabella, for helping me out.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we gaze on the tulip,
To find more in you.